Welcome Gift

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by RomanM

Summary

"Nigel? Cliff? I'm home," he calls out when he opens the door, only to freeze in place.

He smells blood, thick and heavy in the air.

"No, no, no," he mutters as he follows the scent to the bathroom where he finds his two lovers arguing in hushed whispers, a mutilated body bleeding out in his bathtub.

"What," Will starts, torn between rage and shock, "the fuck are you two doing?"

Nigel and Cliff give Will a warm welcome.

Notes

For lemmecryabit.
Kinktober Dead Dove Prompt: Tentacles

See the end of the work for more notes

Will is beyond exhausted. Spending three weeks away from home for a case is bad enough, but on top of that, he has to email reports to the BAU and mark student papers for the Academy. The worst of it comes in the form of a text from Jack, asking (read: *demanding*) that he take over the newest investigation, and it takes everything in him not to scream and drive himself into a tree.

Instead, Will grits his teeth and focuses on getting home, parking haphazardly in the driveway before stomping his way to the porch.

The lights are on surprisingly, but he isn't too worried — if anything, it calms him down a little. Lights on mean that his boys are home waiting for him, and while unlikely, he hopes that they brought the dogs back from the sitter. It would certainly help him with his ever-expanding to-do list.

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Nigel and Cliff fall silent, eyes wide like deer caught in the headlights. They stare at Will, then at each other, then at Will again as they lower their bloodied knives and saws.

Nigel speaks first, an easy grin on his lips. "Welcome home, gorgeous. You're early."

Oh, how Will wants to punch that smug look off of his face.

"You two are unbelievable!" he yells, his fingers twitching, just resisting the urge to tear out his own hair. "How many times do I have to tell you not to bring bodies to my property? Do you want me to get arrested?"

"No, no, of course not! This is different—" Nigel started.

"Then what is this? How is *this* different, Nigel?"

"It's for you," Cliff says, offering him a soft and apologetic smile. "We wanted to surprise you. Don't you recognize him?"

Will furrows his brows in confusion. He wants to snap at Cliff too, but curiosity wins out. With a sigh, he approaches and stares at the mangled corpse.

He takes note of the wounds: twisted neck with a bit of the spine jutting out, chest cut open and disemboweled, limbs cut off from the knees and elbows. It is crude, animalistic yet *familiar*, and when Will blinks, the pendulum swings. There, he *sees*.

Underneath all the blood and gore is a large man Will has never seen before, but he recognizes how those pale eyes sought out his victims and how those hands wielded knives and cleavers to eviscerate, each cut identical to the crime scene photographs Jack sent him earlier that morning.

Will jerks back, confounded. “Is that—”

“The Baltimore Butcher? Yeah,” Nigel says. “Took a while for us to find him, the sneaky fucker, but we caught him making his latest tableau.”

“How did you know about him? It’s a very new investigation.”

“I have my ways,” Cliff says with an elegant shrug, washing the blood off his hands.

Will looks between the two of them, trying to hold on to his righteous anger and failing.

They must’ve missed him too. How they found out about the Baltimore Butcher, he has no idea, but they took it upon themselves to close the case, all so he has one less thing to do.

Will’s gaze softens. “You did this for me?”

“Of course,” Cliff says, and Will can feel his adoration and hunger for him, making his knees weak. The room is suddenly too small, too warm, and he tries to back away, only to find himself pressed against a broad chest.

“We missed you, gorgeous,” Nigel purrs into his ear, nipping his earlobe. “You’ve been working too hard, you deserve a treat. A welcome gift of sorts.”

Will huffs, a blush dusting his cheeks when Cliff leans in to kiss the corner of his mouth. “I appreciate the intent, but you two will get me in trouble.”

“We were careful,” Cliff murmurs against his lips. “Trust me, we’ve got it all covered.”

Will tries to protest further but it’s difficult with Cliff unbuttoning his shirt and probing his mouth with his tongue. He tastes bittersweet with wine and blood, and Will’s resolve snaps. He kisses him hard, eager to taste more, and Cliff lets him, chuckling against his lips.

Will lets out a shattered breath when Nigel starts humping him from behind, his erection a hard line through the denim. It’s been weeks since he was filled by either of them and it’s miraculous that he still had the presence of mind to whisper, “Not here. *Couch.”*

The two men nearly carry him there, undressing him and marking him with teeth as they go along. Cliff lays back on the couch and Will crawls on top of him, grinding against his belly and kissing him deeply. Will pulls away to unbutton Cliff's black shirt, leaving behind a trail of hickeys and wet kisses down his neck and chest, down to the cross-shaped scar on his navel. Will lingers there, mouthing at the discolored skin as he unzips Cliff’s fly and fists his half-hard cock, slick with precome.

Cliff grunts, his hips rising from the couch as he fucks into Will's hand, and the sight of him needy leaves Will hard and aching. He licks from root to tip, his tongue circling the large

cockhead before he takes Cliff into his mouth, bobbing his head enthusiastically.

“That’s it. Good boy,” Cliff groans, petting Will's curls as he rolls his hips up. “You’re doing so well.”

Will moans around his girth, sucking eagerly. Oh, how he missed this — the weight in his throat, the hands gripping his hair, his lovers panting as they chase the pleasure with his body. It’s the best feeling in the world.

A wet, muffled gasp escapes Will when he feels a warm tongue along his perineum, licking up to his tight fluttering hole. He trembles when he feels the tip of Nigel’s tongue penetrate him, tasting him before two fingers join and slip inside. Will spreads his thighs apart as much as he can to accommodate him, squeaking when cold lube drizzles onto his ass — Nigel must’ve retrieved it from the bathroom while he and Cliff were occupied.

“Scooch up a bit, sweetheart. There we go,” Nigel says, kneeling on the couch.

Will crawls forward and rests on Cliff, their chests and cocks pressed together while Nigel continues to finger him open. He rocks his hips back and forth, frotting and fucking himself on Nigel’s thick digits, but it’s not enough. He needs more.

“Nigel. Nigel, please,” he begs.

Nigel chuckles at that, pulling out his fingers. “Impatient, are we, gorgeous? Well then,” he slaps his cock against the twitching hole and begins to push inside. “Here’s your gift.”

The bulbous head catches around his rim before it eases inside, and Will sobs with relief. The stretch burns after weeks without sex, but it’s deliciously pleasant, especially with how Nigel wastes no time and begins moving, slow at first, before he is pounding harshly into him, his startled cries and the sounds of slapping skin loud in the living room.

“Careful,” Cliff reminds Nigel, not unkindly.

“Nah, look at him. He loves it rough. Don’t you, darling?”

Will cannot speak, moaning wantonly into Cliff’s neck. He fists his black shirt, tearing out the buttons as Nigel fucks him mercilessly.

“You poor thing,” Cliff coos, holding him close. “Let me help you.”

Will feels something slick on his stomach, and for a moment, he wonders if he came too soon. But then it begins to shift and wriggle beneath him, and he gasps when a tentacle curls around his and Cliff’s cocks, pumping them slowly. He squirms when another tentacle slithers across his chest, flicking at his nipples until they pebble, while yet another gathers his wrists behind the small of his back and pulls him up until he makes a graceful arch. He moans aloud, shivering from overstimulation.

Nigel scoffs behind him. “Show off.”

Cliff says nothing but Will can feel his gleeful satisfaction as he squeezes and spreads his ass cheeks apart, allowing Nigel to thrust in deeper. Then the fourth and last tentacle nudges his stuffed hole, and Will lurches forward in surprise.

“Should I stop?” Cliff asks.

Will shakes his head. “Don’t,” he rasps. “Don’t stop.”

Cliff beams at him, proud and pleased, right before the tentacle slides in.

Will makes a strangled sound as it begins to thrust alongside Nigel, dragging over his prostate until he sees stars. His knees buckle and he would’ve collapsed if it wasn’t for the tentacle holding his wrists back.

“Would you look at that,” Nigel laughs, slowing his thrusts to a grind as he drapes himself across his back. “Love being filled, huh, sweetheart? Think you can take the two of us?”

Will squirms and nods. “Yes, *yes*. Oh, please.”

He whines when the tentacles pull out of him and release his cock — even Nigel stills above him, and the orgasm that barreled towards him suddenly feels too far away. He opens his mouth, ready to complain when Cliff shifts underneath him, the tip of his cock pressing against his stretched rim. He’s much larger than the tentacle, and Will grits his teeth and whimpers as it slowly slips inside.

“Come on now,” Nigel says, gruff with impatience. “You can move faster than that, can’t you? Here, allow me.”

He pushes Will’s hips down abruptly onto both of them and Will keens, eyes rolling back as he’s filled to bursting.

“Nigel! What do you think you’re doing?” Cliff snaps, his brows furrowed.

“What? He can take it, he likes a bit of pain. See?”

Will is a mess. His cheeks are flushed red, damp with sweat and overwhelmed tears, yet he rolls his hips and utters a single plea. *“Move.”*

Nigel doesn’t need further encouragement, grabbing his bound wrists and fucking in harshly. Cliff sighs but moves as well, rocking into his tight heat. The tentacles resume playing with his nipples and stroking his cock, and still, Will demands, “Fuck my mouth, please, I want it.”

“Sweet, insatiable thing,” Cliff purrs as the last tentacle coils around Will’s neck and slithers past his lips, resting heavily on his tongue. It tastes bitter and metallic like blood, and it reminds him of the body bleeding out in his bathtub. It should unnerve him; instead, he feels heat pool in his belly, and the thought that he is being maneuvered and used like a fleshlight by two very dangerous men — men who killed for *his* sake — is enough to tip him over.

He screams around the tentacle, spurting thick white ropes all over Cliff's stomach and chest. His orgasm feels never-ending with how Cliff and Nigel thrust in faster and faster, milking him as their cocks persistently prod his sweet spot until they too were spilling inside him. He whimpers softly when they pull out, hot come dribbling out of his loose and swollen hole.

The tentacles release him slowly, and without anything holding him up, Will slumps forward.

He tries to get up, a list of to-dos flitting through his mind — get rid of the corpse, clean the bathroom, take a shower — but his body is too heavy and Cliff is holding him so gently, rubbing circles on his back.

"Hey, don't worry about it," Nigel says tenderly, kissing his nape. "You've had a long day, darling. Just go to sleep."

"We'll take care of everything," Cliff promises into his curls.

A few protests remain tucked beneath his tongue but Will doesn't have the strength to speak them. He feels so loved, so safe in their arms. He *knows* they will do anything for him — they will paint the streets red with blood and even raze down the entire world to keep him unscathed.

With a weak smile, Will closes his eyes and allows himself to drift off.

End Notes

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